

Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. I, No. 4.

QU'APPELLE, ASSIN., DEC 4, 1883.—SIX PAGES.

Price Five Cents

The Qu'Appelle Progress

IS PUBLISHED BY
JAMES WEIDMAN
EVERY FRIDAY.

At The Progress Printing Office, in the
Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The Progress is a Weekly Journal of
Local, Territorial, Canadian, British and
Foreign News, and Progressive Politics.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per annum, in-
variably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

The rates for our advertising space by
contract are as follows:

	One week.	One month.	Three months.	One year.
One column	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$35.00	\$100.00
Half column	5.00	7.50	17.50	50.00
Quarter column	2.50	3.75	8.75	25.00
Three inches	8.00	12.00	28.00	80.00
Two inches	2.00	4.00	9.00	20.00

Business cards \$1.00 per month payable
quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction
sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings,
legal notices, or notices of a transitory
nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents
per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each
additional insertion. Yearly advertisements
allowed to be changed monthly, if offered
\$1.00 will be charged for each additional
change.

Business letters, 50 cents for first, twenty-
five words, 2 cents for each additional word.
The publisher reserves the right to refuse
to insert advertisements of a questionable
or objectionable character.

Address, **JAMES WEIDMAN,**
Qu'Appelle Station, Assin.

Notices,

NOTICE

The Partnership heretofore existing be-
tween the undersigned has this day been
dissolved by mutual consent. Max Goldstine
retiring. The business will hereafter be
conducted by J. P. Beauchamp, who will
pay all debts due by the late firm, and to
whom all accounts due the said firm are to
be paid.

**MAX GOLDSTINE,
J. P. BEAUCHAMP.**

Witness—Leslie Gordon.
Qu'Appelle, Assn., Nov. 27, 1883.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an
application will be made on behalf of
the NORTH WEST CENTRAL RAIL-
WAY COMPANY at the next session of
the Parliament of Canada, for an Act to
extend or continue the Charter of the said
North West Central Railway Company, al-
ready empowered to construct a railway
from Brandon to Battleford, and other
points and to enlarge the time for the con-
struction and completion of five miles of
the said Railway for one year further, or
such time as may be deemed necessary, and
for other amendments and purposes.

Toronto, 20th Nov., 1883.

JAMES BEATTY,
President of the N. W. C. R.

AVIS.

AVIS est par le present donne que de-
mande sera faite de la part de "The
North West Central Railway Company,"
a la prochaine session du Parlement du
Canada, afin d'en obtenir une Act d'exten-
dre ou continuer la charte de la dite "North
West Central Railway Company," deja
ayant le pouvoir de construire un Chemin
de fer de Brandon a Battleford et d'autres
places, et de prolonger le temps pour la
construction et pour l'achèvement de cinq
miles de dit chemin de fer, pour un
an de plus, en tout le temps qu'on pourra
penser necessaire, et pour des autres amende-
ments, et des autres intentions.

JAMES BEATTY,
President de la N. W. C. R. C.
Toronto, 20th Nov., 1883.

Legal.

LESLIE GORDON,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER FOR MANITOBA, &c.
Agent for Canada North West Land Co.
and Qu'Appelle Town Site.

Fire & Life Insurance. MONEY TO LEND.
Applications for homestead patents
received.

QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,

Executed at the office of

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

BELCARRIS.

The new Methodist church here
will be opened on the 13th inst.
Rev. T. Lawson, of Qu'Appelle, will
officiate.

EDGLEY.

—A committee has been appointed
from here to co-operate with the
Methodists of Qu'Appelle in getting
up their anniversary and Christmas
tree entertainment.

—The Methodist missionary ser-
vice held here on Sunday by the
Rev. C. Williams, of Moosejaw, was
well attended. The rev. gentleman
interested his hearers by an appropri-
ate and eloquent sermon. At the
platform meeting on Monday night,
addresses were delivered by Revs.
T. Lawson and C. Williams, and the
gathering was productive of success-
ful results.

RAPID CITY RIPPLES.

—Hon. Mr. Norquay has gone
to New York for the purpose of
assisting in the completion of ar-
rangements for the construction of
the North West Central Railroad.
The Premier has been very success-
ful of late in his efforts to secure
for this province increased railroad
facilities, and it is to be hoped success
will attend his exertions on the present
occasion.

—One Reid, of the Oak River
settlement, through an accident,
came near losing his life, in return-
ing from Brandon the other night.
In some way, one of his feet caught
in the wagon wheel, and his horses
ran away throwing him out of the
rig and leaving him in a semi-
unconscious condition on the trail,
until taken up by a passing team.
He is recovering, however.—Brand-
on Mail.

—It is to be hoped that the
Brandon despatch which credits
Mr. Beatty with having sold a mil-
lion dollars' worth of stock in the
Northwest Central Railway, and
with being in a position to proceed
at once with the work of construc-
tion, is not in error. We shall be
delighted to have it confirmed.
The construction of the Northwest
Central Railway would greatly bene-
fit many of our farmers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice,
having had placed in his hands by an East
Indian missionary the formula of a simple
vegetable remedy for the speedy and perma-
nent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Ca-
tarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Af-
fections, also a positive and radical cure for
Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints,
after having tested its wonderful curative
powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his
duty to make it known to his suffering fel-
lows. Actuated by this motive and a desire
to relieve human suffering, I will send free
of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in
German, French or English, with full direc-
tions for preparing and using. Sent by mail
by addressing to the stamp, naming this paper,
W.A. SOKS, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

NORTHWEST COUNCIL.

Wednesday, Nov. 18th.—Lieut.
Governor presided.

The Committee on municipal law
reported that they had prepared cer-
tain amendments to that ordinance
of 1884, intitled An Ordinance to
amend the 1884 Municipal Ordinance
of 1884. Judge Rouleau
was chairman of the committee.

It was resolved that the memo-
rial sent by the council to the Govern-
ment at Ottawa in August, 1884 and
all correspondence relating thereto,
be printed for distribution.

Papers relating to the munici-
pality of Moosomin were laid on the
table.

Lord Boyle's resolution on wolves
was read a second time, and agreed
to.

Thursday, Nov. 19th.—The Lieut.
Governor presided. Mr. Turfitt re-

ported on behalf of the miscellaneous
committee. The latter recommend-
ed that the strayed horses sold by
Major Crozier be paid for. An ad-
dition to clause 9 of 1883, providing
that owners of strayed or stolen
horses may prove property and have
proceeds of sale refunded within one
year of date of sale.

Judge Richardson presented a re-
port from the standing committee on
civil justice.

A bill was introduced by His
Honour to amend Ordinance respect-
ing Partnership. Read a first time.

Mr. Ross (Moosejaw) moved that
all the elected members not now on
the committee appointed to draft an
address in reply to His Honour's
speech be added thereto.

The second reading of the bill to
amend the Municipal Ordinance of
1884 was made and committed to a
committee of the whole council.

Friday, 20th Nov.—Lieut. Govern-
or presided. Judge Rouleau re-
ported that the committee had made
some progress on bill of yesterday
and directed for leave to sit again.
Council adjourned to meet Monday
at two o'clock.

REGINA, Nov. 23.—His Honour
the Lieutenant-Governor took the
chair at 2.15 p. m.

Mr. Turfitt reported in reference to
the Prairie Fire Ordinance that it
was a dead letter as it then stood.
Many of the prairie fires that had
swept the country had been started
by railroad engines.

Mr. Bedford said it had been de-
termined if possible to get at the per-
petrators of these devastating fires.
(Hear, hear.)

Mr. Secord asserted his belief
that the Northwest Mounted Police
failed to do their duty in that mat-
ter as they should have done. (Hear,
hear.)

The Lieutenant-Governor said
that unquestionably there was great
lack of judgment displayed by the
people themselves. They lit fires
heedless of consequences.

Mr. Ross said that the great cause
of these prairie fires was engine
drivers cleaning out their engines
going "up grade." The ashes set
fire to the prairie.

Lord Boyle defended the North-
west Mounted Police.

Mr. Perley thought it unwise to
prevent parties burning round their
buildings. He suggested the im-
position of heavy fines on parties dis-
covered setting fire to the prairie.
(Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hughes—"Peace officers" to
inform! The only man I found in
fifteen years, to set fire to the prairie
was a sheriff at Duck Lake. (Laugh-
ter.)

Mr. Marshall said the great
difficulty was to get parties to inform.
In his district (Whitewood) out of
ten cases of fires which had occurred,
nine were known, but nobody in-
formed.

After a long and animated discus-
sion the recommendation of the in-
troduction of a new ordinance, with
more workable provisions for carry-
ing it into effect, was agreed to.

The council resolved itself into a
committee of the whole on the munici-
pal ordinance. After a long discus-
sion the committee decided to sit
again to-morrow. The council's
session was the longest of the season,
the members retiring at a late hour.
The Ballot Bill was under considera-
tion before the House dispersed.

Tuesday, Nov. 21.—The council
met to-day at 2.20 p. m., the
Lieutenant-Governor presiding.

Mr. Turfitt moved that all unap-
propriated funds appropriated to the
respective districts last year, be set
apart for the use of said district.

Mr. Jackson—How is this money
to be used?

Mr. Turfitt—On public works as
had been intended. It is only just
that we should get what was voted

A long discussion ensued, in which
every member took part.

After His Honour had read a list
of the funds expended since last
session on the various districts, the
motion was put and carried.

The House then went into a com-
mittee on the Municipal Ordinance
which contains a clause introducing
a new ballot bill. This and several
other clauses were discussed and
amended, and the house adjourned
to meet at 2 o'clock next day.

Regina, N.W.T., Nov. 25.—Governor
Dewdney took the chair at
2.15 p.m.

The committee on civil justice
reported through Judge Richardson,
their consideration of Ordinance No.
9 of 1883—an ordinance to regulate
the disposal of found and stolen
horses.

The committee, having consid-
ered the subject, recommended
that ordinance No. 9 of 1883, be re-
pealed.

Mr. Jackson presented a petition
from the people of the Qu'Appelle
district respecting the herding of
animals.

Moved by Mr. Jackson, seconded
by Mr. Perley, that the petition read
be referred, together with the ordi-
nance respecting the herding of an-
imals, to a committee consisting of
Messrs. Bedford, Perley, Jelly, Ross
and the mover. Carried.

Mr. Turfitt introduced a bill to
amend ordinance No. 9, of 1879, re-
specting prairie fires. Read a first
time; to be read a second time to-
morrow.

The House then went into a com-
mittee of the whole on the civil jus-
tice ordinance, Judge Richardson in
the chair.

After several clauses were amend-
ed progress was reported, and the
House went into committee of the
whole on the fence ordinance. Mr.
Jackson took the chair. The object
of the ordinance is to give control of
the fences to municipalities where
the latter are formed. Municipal by-
laws will then regulate the fences,
and the latter then pass out of the
North-west Territories Ordinance.

The bill was read a third time and
passed.

The House then went into a com-
mittee of the whole on the munici-
pal ordinance. Several amend-
ments were made, and the House
adjourned.

Regina, Nov. 26th.—The Lieut-
enant-Governor took the chair at
the usual hour.

On the second reading of the bill
to amend the Prairie Fire ordinance
the chair was taken by Mr. Turfitt.

A long discussion on Sec. I took
place. It was worded as follows:
"Any person who kindles or places
or is a party to kindling or placing
a fire in the open air in any part of
the Territories except for camp or
domestic purposes except as herein-
after provided, shall on conviction
pay a fine not exceeding two hun-
dred dollars, with cost of prosecution,
and in default of payment be impris-
oned for a term not exceeding six
months. Provided always that a
person may in order to protect prop-
erty kindle a fire between plowed
breaks not less than two in number,
the outside one to be at least ten
feet wide."

Mr. Perley considered it was nec-
essary to build fires for burning round
hay stacks. He explained the best
and safest manner of doing this.

Mr. Jelly objected to the wording
of the section.

Mr. Jackson—And you have no
provision to burn a glandered horse
as you have in an old ordinance
(Laughter.)

Chairman—Boil him in a pot,
and then the fire will come within
domestic purposes" (Laughter.)

On the motion of Mr. Jelly the
clause was left for future consid-
eration.

A long debate also ensued over
sec. 3 of the bill, regarding the get-
ting of the damages from C. P. R.
for fires caused by reason of sparks
from their engines. Mr. Jackson
remarked that it would be hard to
convict engineers. Of course it
should be proven who kindled the
fire, and engineers were hard sweat-
ers.

After some further discussion
progress was reported and leave
granted to sit again on the bill to-
morrow.

Judge Richardson moved the sec-
ond reading of the bill repealing
ordinance 9 of 1883, regarding found
and stolen horses.

Mr. Hayter Reed moved that it be
read a second time that day six
months.

Judge Richardson supported the
bill. Col. McLeod was astonished
at the remarks of the assistant
Indian commissioner, who had so late-
ly come back from the Blood Indians.
These complain that their horses are
frequently taken by the police.
The Indians can't read; they never
see the police advertisements; their
horses are sold by the police. There-
fore the irritable law should be wiped
out.

After being considered by a com-
mittee of the whole the bill was re-
ported.

The Council then went into a
committee of the whole on the munici-
pal ordinance, Judge Rouleau in
the chair.

Mr. Turfitt moved "That town-
ships 9 and 10, ranges 33 and 34 be
not included in Moosomin Munici-
pality, and that townships 10 and
11, in ranges 1 and 2 and 3 be not
included in the Whitewood Munici-
pality." He thought it a great mis-
take and injustice to include a large
area in a municipality without first
consulting the settlers. He con-
cluded a powerful speech by protest-
ing most emphatically against these
municipalities being formed as pro-
posed.

The motion was lost, and the
Council adjourned till next day.

Nov. 27.—Gov. Dewdney took
the chair at the usual hour.

Mr. Ross (Moose Jaw) from the
special committee to whom was re-
ferred the petition of W. S. Rogers
and others, reported that an ordi-
nance will be introduced for the
purpose of amending ordinance No. 1
of 1884 in the direction asked for
by said petitioners.

It was ordered that Mr. Ross have
leave to bring in a bill to amend or-
dinance No. 1 of 1884 intitled
an ordinance respecting the herding of
animals. The bill was read a first
time.

Moved by Mr. Ross, seconded by
Mr. Jackson, that Messrs. Perley,
Wilson, Secord, Hughes and the
mover and second be a committee
to prepare and bring in a bill re-
specting the exemption of certain
property from seizure.

The council then resolved itself
into a committee of the whole on
the draft reply. The chair was tak-
en by Mr. Perley. Sections one, two
and three were carried. After a
long and bitter discussion Mr. Mar-
shall asked that the address be
sent back to the address committee.
It was accordingly sent back.

The popular members, Messrs.
Ross, Jackson, Perley, Turfitt, Wil-
son, Cunningham, Boyle, Bedford
and Hughes made a bold and deter-
mined stand for the establishment
of responsible Government.

—Official raiders caught an unlic-
ensed liquor business in full operation
in Adams, Mass. The keeper hastily
emptied his keg of whisky into a sink,
whenever the enemy obliged the vent,
so as to secure some of the fluid as evi-
dence. A hard fight ensued, in which
many eyes were blackened, and the hero
was repeatedly stopped and untopped;
but a sponge was saturated with the es-
caping beverage, and carried off to be
carefully squeezed and tested.—Boston
Journal.

Publisher's Notice.

OUR RATES.

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Address: JAMES WEIDMAN, 2nd Avenue Station, Assin.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT FOR THE TERRITORIES.

They are having lively times in the North West Council. The elected and responsible members find themselves handicapped by the appointed and irresponsible placemen who have seats at the board, or perhaps more correctly speaking by the very limited powers of the Council. It must be gratifying to the constituencies to find their representatives alive to the interests of the country. The chief bone of contention seems to be the draft of an address in reply to the Hon. Governor's speech at the opening of the session. The irresponsible and unsatisfactory manner of spending the money at the disposal of what is called the Northwest Government, is the cause of much discussion both in out of the Council. It is to be hoped that the elected members will agree upon some definite line of policy, and place it upon record in the most forcible manner possible. It is not reasonable to expect that the Dominion Parliament will see the necessity of making any change in the manner of governing the Northwest, unless the matter is brought before them in such a way that it can be seen in what direction a change is desirable. Let the Council, or at least the elected portion of it, decide upon some practical scheme for its reorganization, that will meet with the approval of the people, and the sanction of the Dominion Parliament. It is somewhat premature to insist upon the formation of a Cabinet on the provincial system. It would be better to ask for a Council wholly elective, with increased administrative powers, and as soon as each District is fully prepared for it, then confer provincial government.

In Manitoba the people are now overburdened with taxation on account of the complexity of their provincial system, and even in Ontario there is a proposition now being discussed for a simplification of the local government machinery. In the former province, a commission was appointed some time ago to enquire into the working of the municipal law, and suggest needed reforms. The commission has reported, and recommends the doing away of the Judicial Boards and an enlargement of the bounds of the municipalities with a consequent reduction of officials. In view of the unsatisfactory working of a complex form of provincial government in the East, it will be well if the people of the Territories are not too hasty in asking to be saddled with the burden of a government on the provincial plan, unless it be of the simplest form possible, consistent with its practical working.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Morden News has doubled its size. It is a thoroughly live paper.

King Alfonso, of Spain, is dead, and a revolution throughout the country is feared.

King Thobaw, of Burmah, has wilted, and has consented to treat with the Indian Government, but not before the British soldiers appeared before the walls of his capital.

The Selkirk Herald has collapsed and its place has been taken by the Selkirk Record. It is a well printed newsy sheet a little larger than its predecessor, but it lacks the advertising patronage to make it a paying concern.

Montreal is apparently obtaining control of the small pox at last. The death rate from the disease has been decreasing, and the commercial city is to be congratulated upon the subsidence of the plague before the winter had fully set in.

Servia's army marched over into Bulgaria and then marched back again, at the point of the Bulgarian bayonets, and now Prince Alexander is demanding an indemnity of \$5,000,000 from the Servians, who seem to have got more fighting than they bargained for.

Horse and cattle stealing has been carried on extensively in the grazing country along the C. P. R. east and west of Medicine Hat. Vigorous measures should be taken to bring all the thieves to the severest justice, in order if possible to teach the Indian miscreants that the rights of property must be respected.

The Indian fiends who committed the atrocities at Frog Lake and elsewhere last spring have paid the penalty of their crimes. Eight who were found guilty of cold-blooded murders were on Friday last hanged at Battleford, and now that the law has been carried out against them and these he invited to murder and rapine, the whole North West may be expected to enjoy peace and prosperity.

Winter has set in earlier in Toronto than in Winnipeg, Manitoba, however, according to Mr. Conant, of the Globe, is a place where the lawlessness have to do their ironing on top of red-hot stoves, in order to prevent the under-side of the cloth upon which they are operating from freezing while the hot iron is being passed over the upper. The Globe's Mr. Conant was a wonderful man! But then, the Globe is a wonderful paper!—Manitoba.

On the Riel matter the Toronto World dresses down the Globe as follows: "The Globe's manner throughout the whole business has been only too closely copied by a number of its lieutenants. In execrable rhyme, and only less execrable prose it appealed day after day to the feelings of Orangemen and habitants in turn. It made no straightforward demand for either justice or mercy. It contemplated a situation full of pain to all good citizens with an ill-concealed glee that was almost diabolical and with and with a heartless disregard for everything except party advantage that was positively seeking. A party organ that knows no higher aim than the construction of a policy out of the bones of slaughtered soldiers and executed criminals, must in the long run prove more dangerous to its friends than to its enemies."

Some of the Quebec papers are making a terrible noise about the escape of Jackson, formerly Riel's secretary, from the asylum at Fort Garry. They pretend that Jackson was as guilty as Riel, and his being adjudged as a lunatic, and then handed over to his relatives, together with his escape from the asylum, is evidence of partiality shown by the Government toward an English-speaking rebel. The facts are that before the actual breaking out of the rebellion, Jackson's mind had become unsound, and the lawless acts of the rebels aggravated the disease. Riel showed his sanity by confining Jackson with the rest of his prisoners. This was proven in court, and the treatment he received brought about such an improvement in his mental condition, that he would very soon have been discharged as cured. Being convalescent he was allowed a certain amount of liberty, when he escaped to Dakota. The public of this part of the Dominion cared very little what became of Jackson, except perhaps having a desire that he might be restored in health to his friends.

A refreshing hint of dignified independence is shown by the New Haven clergyman, Rev. T. R. Bacon, who has resigned because some of his flock are dissatisfied with his teachings. He told them if they didn't like him he could find some other place where he would be liked, and he didn't propose to stay as the pastor of any church of which he was to be an issue.—N. Y. Sun.

Trinity Cathedral, in Ontario, recently consecrated by Bishop Clarkson, is said to be quite a remarkable building, especially for a new country. It is constructed with heavy stone, transoms, choir, and clerestory, and tower of the Gothic style of architecture. The porch is paved with tiles of an exquisite pattern. The heavy oak doors are the gift of St. Andrew's Church, Ryer Beach, N. B. The cost of the building is \$100,000.—Toronto Times.

The archdeacon of Benares County, Tex., knows how to make his interest in the schoolmaster. The fact tells of one who was called up to be flogged, but just as the wherry was raised over his head, butted his teacher in the stomach, knocking him over a fence, and then a grand corner of the room. Before the astonished pedagogue had recovered his wits the young man was gone, and the rest of the class were sniggering over the fields intent upon a holiday.

Which way now, my friend? "I am going to find some spot where I can retire from the world. The World has not used me right, and in revenge I will desert it."

"I wouldn't do that."

"But I will. I can no longer trust myself. I have been cheated, lied to, and abused until I have no faith left. I will now retire within myself, and if any convulsion of Nature takes place the country must not blame me for it. I have borne all that one Bear can be expected to put up with."

Bruin went his way until he found a lonely spot, and he then crawled into a hole and began listening for the Creek of Doom. It made him feel good to think that the World was turning itself bottom side up because he had absented himself from sight and search, and he was determined not to yield until after several thousand terror-stricken people had come to him with tears in their eyes.

Much to Bruin's surprise the night passed like all other nights. No one appeared during the forenoon to plead with him, and the afternoon passed without an Earthquake or Tornado. He momentarily expected the advent of a crowd to plead with him to come back to the World and have faith and confidence, but the crowd didn't show up. After long and hungry night Bruin began to weaken. After much argument with himself, he crawled out of his den and was sneaking through the woods when he met a Hare.

"Is the world yet standing?" asked the Bear.

"Certainly, never more solid since I can remember."

"And is any one searching for me?"

"Not that I know of."

"Everything goes on just the same, eh?"

"Just the same."

"And you hear that I and lost all faith in human nature, and retired from the world?"

"Never heard a word of it. Tra-la, old man, I'm off."

The Bear sat down on a thistle and thought the matter over for a few minutes, and then arose and made a bee line for his usual haunts, telling every animal he met on the way that he had been off on a fishing excursion.

Moral: The cynic who flatters himself that he is revenging on the world by withdrawing his company forgets that he will be obliged to associate with himself.—Detroit Free Press.

"What's all this I hear about the Mother Hubbard? What are they saying?"

"Oh, they are dresses that are not pleasing to the fastidious West-erners. They seem to be afraid of them."

"Women wear them in the East, too, don't they?"

"Oh, yes, they wear all over."

"Have you seen anything in them to be afraid of?"

"Yes, my wife."

—The Leader Daily.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

A mechanical training department will be added to the Minnesota University at Minneapolis during the summer. An addition to the building at a cost of \$30,000 will be erected.

The late Bishop Clarkson was instrumental in building over fifty churches in Nebraska and Dakota. Trinity Cathedral in Omaha was built mainly through his exertions and influence.—Chicago Herald.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's salary is \$15,000 per year, and that of the Archbishop of New York \$25,000. Bishop of London \$20,000, Bishop of Durham \$15,000, Bishop of Winchester \$25,000 and the Bishop of Ely \$27,000.

The Woman's Home Missionary Association held its semi-annual meeting recently at Boston. Sixteen schools for the poor are being maintained in Utah and the South, and an appeal for more schools in the latter section was made.—Boston Herald.

Education pays—ignorance costs. The intelligent person can do things, and do them well—the ignorant person not only works to a disadvantage, but does very little and very poor work. Intelligence pays—ignorance costs.—Atlantic Journal of Education.

A refreshing hint of dignified independence is shown by the New Haven clergyman, Rev. T. R. Bacon, who has resigned because some of his flock are dissatisfied with his teachings. He told them if they didn't like him he could find some other place where he would be liked, and he didn't propose to stay as the pastor of any church of which he was to be an issue.—N. Y. Sun.

Trinity Cathedral, in Ontario, recently consecrated by Bishop Clarkson, is said to be quite a remarkable building, especially for a new country. It is constructed with heavy stone, transoms, choir, and clerestory, and tower of the Gothic style of architecture. The porch is paved with tiles of an exquisite pattern. The heavy oak doors are the gift of St. Andrew's Church, Ryer Beach, N. B. The cost of the building is \$100,000.—Toronto Times.

The archdeacon of Benares County, Tex., knows how to make his interest in the schoolmaster. The fact tells of one who was called up to be flogged, but just as the wherry was raised over his head, butted his teacher in the stomach, knocking him over a fence, and then a grand corner of the room. Before the astonished pedagogue had recovered his wits the young man was gone, and the rest of the class were sniggering over the fields intent upon a holiday.

Which way now, my friend? "I am going to find some spot where I can retire from the world. The World has not used me right, and in revenge I will desert it."

"I wouldn't do that."

"But I will. I can no longer trust myself. I have been cheated, lied to, and abused until I have no faith left. I will now retire within myself, and if any convulsion of Nature takes place the country must not blame me for it. I have borne all that one Bear can be expected to put up with."

Bruin went his way until he found a lonely spot, and he then crawled into a hole and began listening for the Creek of Doom. It made him feel good to think that the World was turning itself bottom side up because he had absented himself from sight and search, and he was determined not to yield until after several thousand terror-stricken people had come to him with tears in their eyes.

Much to Bruin's surprise the night passed like all other nights. No one appeared during the forenoon to plead with him, and the afternoon passed without an Earthquake or Tornado. He momentarily expected the advent of a crowd to plead with him to come back to the World and have faith and confidence, but the crowd didn't show up. After long and hungry night Bruin began to weaken. After much argument with himself, he crawled out of his den and was sneaking through the woods when he met a Hare.

"Is the world yet standing?" asked the Bear.

"Certainly, never more solid since I can remember."

"And is any one searching for me?"

"Not that I know of."

"Everything goes on just the same, eh?"

"Just the same."

"And you hear that I and lost all faith in human nature, and retired from the world?"

"Never heard a word of it. Tra-la, old man, I'm off."

The Bear sat down on a thistle and thought the matter over for a few minutes, and then arose and made a bee line for his usual haunts, telling every animal he met on the way that he had been off on a fishing excursion.

Moral: The cynic who flatters himself that he is revenging on the world by withdrawing his company forgets that he will be obliged to associate with himself.—Detroit Free Press.

"What's all this I hear about the Mother Hubbard? What are they saying?"

"Oh, they are dresses that are not pleasing to the fastidious West-erners. They seem to be afraid of them."

"Women wear them in the East, too, don't they?"

"Oh, yes, they wear all over."

"Have you seen anything in them to be afraid of?"

"Yes, my wife."

—The Leader Daily.

Robert Thompson, a wealthy young Georgian, en route from Louisville to St. Louis in a Baltimore & Ohio sleeper, dreaming of a swimming tournament, and, imagining himself on a spring-board in a sanatorium, walked to the platform and plunged overboard. Fortunately, the train was running through a level country, and his leap did not result seriously.—St. Louis Globe.

The absurd notion of King's cock-crower, who was crowned so late as the reign of George I. During Lent an officer denominated the "King's Cock-crower," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of pronouncing it in the usual manner.

Tempered Glass.

It is not very long since the discovery of M. Alfred de la Bastie filled all our newspapers with paragraphs, more or less ridiculous, about the properties of this glass. Some claimed it was malleable; others that it could not be broken. In fact, tempered glass was to supersede all other materials. The excitement being over, tempered glass may now take its rank among valuable inventions, subject, however, to many defects in its present state.

The process of tempering glass, as is well known, consists in heating a piece of glass, into a red-hot mass, to such a degree as to approach malleability, but not hot enough to lose its shape; the glass in this state is instantly plunged into a bath composed of fatty and resinous material, which is heated and maintained liquid at a temperature ranging from three hundred to six hundred degrees, according to the quality of the glass. The difference of temperature between the malleable state, about 1,100 degrees, and that of the bath constitutes the temper.

Glass in the plastic state, when placed into cold water, will fly to pieces if dropped indiscriminately, but if a piece of fluid glass is allowed to fall into water in the shape of a tear or drop, it will be preserved that the outside of the glass cools at once, while the inside remains partly fluid for some time, as can be distinguished by the red color, showing through the water. This cooling will continue until the mass is perfectly solid. This indicates that the outside layer becomes at once condensed by cooling, while the inside remains fluid and consequently more expanded. This cooling process goes on, the outside layer contracting the new adhesion, until the whole mass is thoroughly cooled. This peculiar form and state of glass is known as Prince Rupert's drops. Though a hard blow may be struck upon the thick part of these drops, it has no perceptible effect, but if the thin tail end is ruptured the whole mass instantly flies to pieces. The glass appears to be under a great state of tension, and the least rupture of the equilibrium, such as the breaking of the slender thread terminating the drop, is sufficient to destroy the mass.

For the purpose of tempering glass by M. de la Bastie, it had always been considered that unless a lamp chimney or any other piece of glass was perfectly brought, a difference of temperature brought on suddenly would invariably cause the glass to break. The Bastie glass would seem to prove this view to be erroneous, as the tempered glass can sustain sudden and extreme changes of temperature without breaking. Molten glass has been poured into a glass bowl or tin, and without producing a fracture. A piece of plate glass tempered by the Bastie process, having been heated in a furnace, was suddenly plunged into cold water without producing any effect. This experiment, repeated five times in succession, did not seem to impair the qualities of the glass, for on removing it from a furnace it was found to be unbroken. It may be said, however, that if in the heating the temperature should reach the point at which it would be annealed, the temper would be destroyed. This section does not seem to take place when the glass is reheated, it is not continued too long. A plate of glass 6 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches, and three-sixteenths inch thick, could only be broken under the shock of a weight of seven ounces falling thirteen feet, while an ordinary piece of glass of the same dimensions could be broken under half of that weight falling only six inches.

M. Simeon, of Dresden, says that the strength of glass is increased fifty times by being tempered. A bent plate of glass laid upon the floor, the convex side upward, is capable of resisting the weight of an ordinary sized man without breaking. The glass when subjected to the weight will flatten out, but as soon as the pressure is removed it will spring back to its original shape. Hardened glass seems to be less dense than ordinary glass; it is harder, however, and more difficult to cut by the diamond and tempered tools; it also possesses a much superior elasticity over the ordinary glass.

Since tempered glass, however, can not be cut with the diamond without flying to pieces, it must necessarily be limited to definite uses not requiring to be modified; this is quite a drawback to its use. It would seem, however, that some of the defects have already been overcome, for at the Paris Exposition quite a display of tempered goods was made by the Société Anonyme du Verre Tempe, of Paris. Among other things was quite a display of druggists' and chemical glassware, mortars, pestles, tankards, covered bowls, funnels, also a variety of plain and cut glass tumblers, goblets, decanters, glasses, and chimneys; opal plates, a decorated bowl with cut designs, colored glasses, engraved, cut, etc. It is said that the making of glasses varying in thickness is hazardous, as many of them are apt to fly to pieces either in the making or cutting.—Chicago Herald.

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Poetry.

THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil
And tenderly, with his hand on his wife's head,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight
Shone from the window and window chased the
Sunset's golden splendour
Gone down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking for her
spirit seemed to have
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the
last's moonlight.
And the old man, weak and feeble, trembling
As he bent above her,
Answered, "Yes."

"Are the children here?" she asked him. Could
he tell her? All the treasures
Of her household lay in silence many years
Beneath the snow.
But the heart, with them living, back
Among her joys and pleasures
Lived on.

And again she called to him, in the sweet
old silence of the night,
"Where is little Charles, father? Frank and
Robert, have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered—"all
the children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle words, but his
eyes grew dim and sterner,
Till he closed his eyes, and his hand
Kissed her forehead and
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his
fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips answered questions, half-
aloud and broken voices,
Nursery prattle—the language of a moth-
er's loving care and love.
While the moon shone round the mourner, left
To sorrow's bitter weeping,
Wept in silence.

There was a stillness on the pillow—and the old
man lay in his bed,
Till he felt him from a chamber, with the
burden of his sword
For the wife of seventy years, his husband's
early bed and rest.

"Face you well," he sobbed, "my dear—
you will be better before long."
"Take a little sleep, for neither can the parting
be long."
And yet it came and came, and soon, I know,
And then—
To your side.

It was then, said the old wife, in the step
of a woman's hand,
Faintly and far, that she saw the old
man's face,
And then, but his face, and they had
their "old" time,
In the same.

—*Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.*

Continued Story.

Grace Lilburne's Secret.

A Story of Two Christmas Days

And all this time the fun never flag-
ged.
The hand played, and the guests
danced and talked and laughed and
merrily, and whispered among them-
selves of the great good luck of Victor
Gayther at having won so rich an heir-
ess.

But Mr. Lilburne was not good com-
pany this evening.

His host's daughter was constantly in
his mind, and every now and again he
felt as though if he looked round he
should see her.

Miriam was quick to observe his man-
ner, and to divine the cause, and she at
length said:

"It was about this hour last year, was
it not, that Kate was lost?"

"Very nearly," he replied, his eyes
wandering to a clock.

Then he and the girl both sat silent—
waiting for they knew not what; but
with their eyes fixed upon the clock as
though they were watching the old
year out, and were anxious to welcome
the new.

Grace and Victor had been dancing,
but the band had stopped suddenly, and
they had passed very close to where
Mr. Lilburne and Miriam were seated.

"What do they mean by breaking off
like this?" asked Grace in a tone of an-
noyance.

Her question was never answered.

At that moment, the house-steward,
who rarely showed himself except to
announce distinguished guests, now
came to the open doorway, and an-
nounced:

"Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ayre!"

Mr. Lilburne sprang to his feet and
started forward with a cry of welcome,
and Grace likewise took a step towards
the new couple.

But no sound escaped her lips. For a
moment she swayed like a sapling
shaken by a tempest, then she fell for-
ward on her face, when they picked
her up they thought that she was dead.

CHAPTER VII.

THROUGH THE SNOW.
We must go back to the night when
Kate Lilburne so mysteriously disap-
peared. It will be remembered that
the snow began to fall only a very short
time before she was persuaded to go
with her sister and her lover.

The snow might be a very reasonable
excuse for her disappearance, but the ser-
vants at Silverton Castle took very good
care to see every door carefully against it,
and there was consequently no dan-
ger of any solitary wanderer outside the
mansion being observed.

Indeed, with so much free-handed
hospitality inside the mansion, and
such a warm welcome extended alike
to rich and poor, it would naturally be
supposed that no man in his senses
would have wandered like an inquisit
spirit round the building when he could
take shelter from the cold, white flakes
of snow, and from the biting blast by
the side of a glowing fire, and salute
his inner man with an abundance of
Christmas cheer.

Despite the folly of such a proceed-
ing, however, a man, wearing a light
ulster, and judging from his appearance
well-to-do in the world, certainly was
loitering outside the castle on this
eventful night.

If you could have looked well at his
face, you would have seen that he was
young and handsome, and you would
probably have observed that he

was nervous and ill at ease, as though
he knew he was doing something of
which he was more than half ashamed.
He seems doubtful now as to whether
he will carry out the purpose that
brought him here, or go away without
accomplishing it.

And yet his object in coming is not
to wrong anyone, even though it may
increase his own pain by feeding the
flame of a perfectly hopeless love.

Yes, it was love that had brought
Frank Fairchild to this cheerless spot.
He felt all the keen sorrow of hopeless
love as he wandered outside the house
that held the jewel he adored, yet dared
not seek to win.

All through this day the demon of
unrest has been upon him, and at length,
unable to control his actions, he had
left his mother and himself, and was now
on his way to a place, which he had bor-
rowed for a week from a neighbor, he
drove the old vehicle in the direction of
Silverton Castle.

Arrived at the outskirts of the vil-
lage, he left the horse and carriage in a
shed, and set off to perform the rest of
his journey on foot.

He soon got tired of walking, how-
ever, and as he came near the deep
narrow river, he betrouth himself that
he could approach the castle in a
boat with very much less chance of being
recognized.

In spite of the cold, he took a
dingy, and then, though the darkness
of night was setting in, he began to row
towards the castle, for he knew every
winding of the stream that flowed be-
neath its walls.

It was quite dark when he moored
his boat under the castle walls, and
went cautiously round the mansion, to
inspect, and as he came near the
buried in the snow.

But the object of his faultering jour-
ney was not attained. He could not
get into any position where he could see
Kate without being observed and
recognized.

He did not wish to speak to her, for
he wanted to look upon her face, and
to know that she was happy.

The hours went by, and he was be-
coming sick and numb, and his heart
was heavy, for the sounds of mirth and
joy, of music and laughter, were in
painfully strange contrast to his own
desolate condition.

The falling snow warned him that he
must soon retrace his steps and make
for his mother's cottage, for his practised
eye told him that the snow-storm
would be both a long and a heavy one.

"I will see her," he came what may," he
muttered with sudden resolution, when
midnight was approaching, and the
sound of music from the hall had
ceased.

He approached the disused tower,
very close to which his boat was moored,
and pulling aside some low bushes,
he felt about in the darkness for some
time with his hands.

At length he seemed to find what he
wanted, for his hand came in contact
with a small grating, and half lifting
it he was able to take hold of a handle
which enabled him to push his body
push inward a portion of the masonry
at the foot of the tower, as though it
were a door.

This indeed it was, an iron door, with
stone so carefully and cunningly fitted
upon it that only a person who knew
the secret could ever detect the spot, or
suspect the existence of any means of
ingress.

Frank passed through this door, but
he did not close it, for he had no fear
of anyone disturbing him, and he meant
to enter the castle without observation
and hide himself in some dark corner,
so that he might have one view of his
garden in the hall-room, where the
lady he loved was sure to be the belle,
and then he intended to return to the
grotto as he came, leaving no trace of
his stolen visit behind him.

He had not been in this place for
many years and he advanced carefully
and cautiously, more than once tempted
to strike a light, yet fearful of betray-
ing himself by doing so.

This fear was increased by two or
three strange circumstances.

In the first place the door seemed to
rustle through the silent passage, a
perfect blast, and he feared—though
of course he could not be sure, as the
fact of his being there was a mystery—
that he might be seen.

Fear of detection, and of coming sud-
denly upon somebody he knew, made
him stand and eagerly listen for the
sound of his steps.

He had just come to the conclusion
that whatever might be the condition
of the floor above, the coast for himself
was clear, and he was about to take a
few steps forward and peek the iron
bar which he had often used before,
when the rust of wind increased and
the sound of voices overhead became
distinct.

He started to see what was the ex-
planation of the noise, and then there
was a despatching gale of terrorous
something appeared to fall.

Whatever it was its descent was ar-
rested for a moment, but only for a
moment, then with a heavy thud the
something fell close to his very feet.

He looked up, but there was no light.

Whatever it might be that was lying
so close to him it uttered no sound, and
he was so much startled by the weight
of what he had often used before,
that he was at once, or strike a light
and ascertain what had happened, when,
as he was about to do so, a voice over-
head, and then, more plainly, the grating
on the floor above being forced back
into its proper place.

It was only at this moment that the
sound of a footstep was heard, and
some faint light came from the un-
intentional and unsuspected window.

A low groan close beside him roused
him to immediate action, and he took
a box of matches from his pocket
and struck a light.

The desire that had brought him here
this night above all nights was gratified;
he saw the object more than upon the face
of Kate Lilburne.

He even uttered a cry of joy, and
came to the conclusion that he was
as now with Frank Fairchild.

He looked upon Kate as she sat

less at his feet, blood was flowing from
a wound on her forehead, and from a
second wound on the side of her head.
And yet her fall had been slight,
broken by her gown having been caught
by some projection from the wall.

The wound on her forehead was serious,
however, and Frank was obliged to
bind the blood with a couple of large hand-
kerchiefs he had in his pocket.

This was no easy matter, as he had
to be in the dark, his wax-matches
being of no use except for a second or
two at a time.

Kate remained senseless, and the
young man tried to revive her by forc-
ing some brandy which he had in his
pocket down her throat.

But his efforts were in vain, and the
dark vault in which they both were
filled with the blood in his veins, while
the girl who was lying on the floor was al-
most as cold as though she were dead.

His first thought was for Kate, and
he took off his thick warm ulster, wrap-
ping her in it as well as he could, then
turned to leave, but he was obliged to
bring the inmates of the castle, and
bring them to her assistance.

He had only taken a few steps, how-
ever, for the purpose before he paused,
suddenly, rendered powerless by the
difficulties and dangers of the situation,
not only himself, but to Kate, until
she should be sufficiently recovered to
again visit him in the castle.

What business had he in the castle?
would naturally be the first enquiry,
and he was compelled to admit that he
had none; that he was a midnight tres-
passer and might be taken into custody
as a suspected person.

Then again, it was evident that a de-
liberate crime had been committed of
which Kate was the victim, but who
had planned or executed it, he had not
the faintest idea.

"No one can nurse her like my mother,
who has been the only mother she
has ever known," he murmured, and
lifted the fair girl tenderly in his arms,
and carried her out of the vault into the
open air, and to the boat.

How he accomplished that journey
through the snow-storm he never right-
ly knew, but when he reached the river
he found a boat waiting for him, and
leave the boat as the river would have
taken him out of his way beyond a cer-
tain point, he bribed a homeless tramp
whom he found taking shelter in the
deserted boat-house to help him carry
his brother, who, he said, "had met
with an accident," to the shed where
he had left his cab and pianoforte.

He passed the girl into the carriage, and
thus the tramp only saw an inanimate
figure wrapped in a brown ulster.

And the man, when the task was
completed, went on his way, of the
handful of silver he gave him for his
pains, and, as day after day took him
farther away from this part of the
country, he never heard of the strange
disappearance of Kate Lilburne, and
even had he done so, he would prob-
ably have failed to connect it with the piece
of good fortune that had befallen him
this bitter night.

Frank never saw his mother to attend
the unconscious girl, Mrs. Fairchild's
face was white and stern as she angrily
asked:

"What have you done to her? Is she
dead?"

"God only knows," he replied de-
jectedly; "but I have done her no harm.
I have saved her from certain death if
she is not already dead."

"For the sake of your father and don't come
back without him."

Her words were brief; her son might
tell her what story he liked, she had al-
ready formed her own conclusion, and
she mentally resolved that if Kate Li-
burne died she would not in any way
shield her son from the consequences
of this night's work.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

Mrs. Fairchild stood calmly by the
side of the girl, who she loved as if
she had been her own child, and seemed
to show so little emotion, and to be so
passionless and so stern, her mind
was in truth racked by a thousand
uncertain thoughts.

"Whatever harm he has done to your
daughter, he shall pay for it and pay
dearly, and until I give you back
your father I will guard you as the ap-
ple of my eye," she said, "Frank is my
own son, I will not spare him."

A low moan from the sufferer recall-
ed the woman to the necessity of put-
ting Kate to bed, and she went about
her duties with a calmness and self-
control which she had never shown
as though the fair, graceful girl now
hovering between life and death were
still the pretty baby whom she had fed
from her own breast and dandled upon
her knee in the days gone by.

Mrs. Fairchild had often reproached
herself with loving her foster-child
Kate Lilburne better even than she
loved her own daughter, and now she
thought there could be no doubt, for Kate
had filled the place in her heart which
had been made void by the death of her
youngest child, a baby-girl, who died
when she was but a few weeks old, and
the little heiress had been given to her
to love and cherish, and had clung to
her as her own infant might have done.

The high-souled little maiden, with
her beauty and her gentle ways, and
with a grace and a sweetness to the woman
whose previous experience of children
had been among the rough ruddy boys
of the farm, had been a perfect joy to
Mrs. Fairchild, and she had loved the
child committed to her care.

Frank was a boy for any mother to be
proud of, Mrs. Fairchild was told on
all sides, and Mr. Lilburne himself
had been loud in his praise, and he ex-
pressed the wish that Frank was his own
son.

All this was gratifying, no doubt, but
the woman who had loved her daughter
and when she was young and sweet
and Frank's mad infatuation for Kate
made Mrs. Lilburne decide to purchase
a partnership for him and position of
which he had been so proud, and now
he was being forced to leave his own
home for the wrong which she con-
sidered he had done her.

She was a little angry with Kate also
for putting a little girl so gracefully after
many years of faithful service and lov-
ing devotion, and she had in conse-
quence declined more than one invita-
tion to leave a side since she came to live
in the castle and her cottage.

But all her resentment was dissipated
at the sight of the fair girl who looked like
a broken bird, and on whose face she

stains of blood which had trickled down
from the wound on her head.

The situation was agonizing, and but
for the anxiety she felt at Kate's still
unconscious condition, and the an-
xiety she had of making bad matters worse,
she would at once have started for Sil-
verton Castle, and would have entreat-
ed the doctor to make every effort to re-
store the girl to her suffering child.

It seemed a long time before Frank
returned with the surgeon, who found
the still unconscious girl undressed and
in bed, and giving no sign of life be-
yond an occasional low faint moan.

Her white satin dress and everything
she had worn that evening had been
carefully put out of sight, and there
was nothing about her to indicate she
was not Mrs. Fairchild's daughter.

The doctor examined her, believing
the story told him that she had been
thrown from a gate.

"There are no bones broken," he said
at length; "but I am afraid that her
head has been seriously injured. A part
of the skull is missing upon the brain,
and she may never regain her former
health, I very much fear; her reason will
be permanently affected. But I will
come again in the morning."

Frank clasped his hands in despair
while Mr. Kimble repeated this opinion
to him.

Judging by his own feelings he felt
that death would be ten thousand times
preferable to such a future.

He showed the doctor out of the
house, repressing his emotion as far as
possible, but when the front door was
closed he did not dare to go near the
chamber in which were his mother and
poor Kate.

When his mother at length appeared,
she found him so nearly unconscious
that she thought for a time that she
was going to have two invalids upon
her hands instead of one.

Judging that he was suffering from
exhaustion as much as anything, she
made him swallow a few beaten up in
bread and milk, and when he had
slightly recovered she said sternly:

"You must make an effort to rouse
yourself to meet the trouble you have
rought upon yourself. For me, in a few
days as possible, what has happened
for I mean to send for Mr. Lilburne at
once."

Her cold hard words seemed to give
him a fictitious strength, and he told
her the story of his adventure and of
his night's work, being careful alike to
avoid excuse and exaggeration.

"And what business had you outside
Silverton Castle at such a time?" she
demanded sharply.

"I only went to catch one glimpse of
Kate," he replied humbly.

"Catch a glimpse of Kate?" she re-
peated with disdain. "Who do you
suppose will ever believe that you spent
whole hours in the cold and the dark
with no other motive than that?" she
demanded.

"Evidently you do not," he retorted,
stung by her tone and manner.

"No, I don't," was the emphatic re-
sponse.

"Then it is useless my trying to con-
vince you," he returned.

"Quite useless; and as for any secret
passion or staid love leads into the
castle, it is very strange that I should
have lived at Silverton all these years
and never heard of anything of the
kind, and I should mighty like to see if
it is there."

"You can easily do that," he replied
calmly. "I found the place out many
years ago, and have gone in and out
there as often as I like, and I have
never been seen."

"And yet no living soul besides your-
self knew of it?" she asked with in-
creased suspicion.

"Yes, Miss Grace knew of it. I
showed her the hole in the wall, and
threatened to throw her down if
she watched me and told tales about
me again. I frightened my lady, I can
tell you, and I remember the look of
astonishment and wonder in her eyes
when I pressed the spring and made
the floor slide back into its place."

"Miss Grace," repeated Mrs. Fair-
child thoughtfully, "No, this isn't her
work, but she might have done some-
body else how to open the place through
which you say Kate fell. She or some-
body else might have been showing the
place to Kate herself."

"But she never showed it to me," he said;
"it could not have been an accident,
or the place would not have been cov-
ered in directly Kate fell. The false floor
could not open up so easily, the spring
needs a good deal of pressure, and could
never have closed by accident."

"What do you propose to do?" was
the mother's next question.

"That I don't know," he replied de-
jectedly, "but I am for myself, I hesi-
tate," he added, seeing the look of
impatience and gathering on his moth-
er's face, "but the consideration that
I loved her and that I loved her son
made me do it, and I am not a coward."
Kate told me that her father was
now. To give Kate to her father is,
perhaps, to give her back to the mercy
of the person who tried to destroy her."

"Good heavens, no! don't suspect
her father of having tried to murder
her, do you?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairchild
in horrified amazement.

"I suspect no single person," he re-
plied, "exactly, but I think some-
body did try to destroy Kate's life, and
that the same man or woman believes her
to be lying at the bottom of the shaft
down which she fell. There can be no
doubt that I suspected that Kate Li-
burne would be able to tell us who took her
to that little room, but the doctor has
dashed that hope to the ground."

"There is another view of the matter
which you don't seem to have thought
about," his mother said severely. "It
would have been enough for any man
to have brought Kate from her father's
room in the middle of the night, and for
you to have done it, and to bring
suspicion upon you and disgrace upon her."

"Oh yes, I have thought of all that,"
he replied, "but what I have done is to
state one fact which I think is true."

Mrs. Fairchild rose to her feet, re-
marking emphatically:

"Well, if you will go to Mr. Li-
burne and tell him what has happened,
I will."

"Very well," he returned resignedly;
"do as you think best. I am willing to
suffer any penalty for what I have done,
but the secret is safe, and I have done
no more, only remember, mother, that Kate's
life is at stake."

"Kate's life!"
The two words took all the tempo-
rary courage out of the nurse, and made
her weak and vacillating as her son.
"What would you have me do?" she
asked.

"If you have the nerve to go to Sil-
verton Castle and tell nothing that
has happened since I left the castle, and
listen to all they can tell you, and then
act upon your own judgment as to
what is best for her," he replied, "then
I should say do it."

"No, if you have told me this truth
I should break down," was her shud-
dering reply; "and if it is not true—"
She paused, and he repeated her words
questioningly.

"If it is not true! Do you doubt me?"
She made no direct reply, but said
easily:

"You had better go to Mr. Lilburne;
it is your duty, not mine, to do so."

"No," he answered, "I will wait and
see if Kate gets better. When her re-
ason returns there will be no more cause
for anxiety. No; I won't go, I will
wait."

His mother said no more, but left
him, for at heart she was unable to
come to any decision as he was.

As day after day, and week after
week went by, however, the doctor's
fear became a sad reality.

Kate's body recovered from the shock
it had received, and she grew strong,
and able to eat and drink and walk
about like a person in ordinary health.

Mentally, however, she was little bet-
ter than an idiot; she had no memory,
and no intellectual consciousness; her
reasoning faculties were dead or dor-
mant, and the doctor who attended her
shook his head when Fairchild suggest-
ed an operation to remove the pressure
on the brain.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ANXIETY AND GRIEF THAT SUCCEEDED
Frank's rescue of Kate from the vault
to which her sister had consigned her
had blanchied the young man's hair and
aged him as by the lapse of many years.
Previous to this event, he had been
lived in his mother's cottage, though
when in England he frequently went to
see her, but now, though it was torture
for him to go there often, he could not
keep away for more than a few days at a
time.

There was no improvement in Kate's
mental condition; at any day he might
be obliged to leave England on the busi-
ness of his mother, and he was a poor
man, and in view of such a contingency
he was trying to make up his mind to
brave all consequences, go to Mr. Li-
burne, and make a full confession of
his share in Kate's abduction, when
fortunately for him, Roland Ayre
visited him at his office as already de-
scribed.

But Frank was convinced that he must
be more than usually cautious.
Kate was to be considered, and he re-
solved that until he had thought the
matter over and taken counsel with his
father, he would not say a word of what
he could and say as little as possible.

The consequences of this course of
conduct we know.

And now we must return to Mrs.
Fairchild's room, where, as we have re-
membered, Roland Ayre was very un-
willingly following Kate's former nurse
into an inner room, his anxiety to
hasten to Silverton Castle and make
Grace confess what she had done with
her sister, making him impatient of a
moment's delay.

This back-sitting-room was larger
than the one in which he had been re-
ceived, it was better furnished too, and
the window looked out upon a large
garden thickly planted with fruit-trees.

A work-basket with pretty bright
pieces of silk and wool and feminine
work, was carelessly thrown upon a small
table, but its contents were untouched,
a bright fire with a guard over it burn-
ed in the grate, and near it in a low
easy-chair, with her hands clasped dis-
tinctly upon her knees, sat Kate Li-
burne.

Roland recognised her in an instant,
though he was dimly conscious of some
great change having taken place in the
girl, but he loved, and he sprang forward
exclaiming:

"Kate, my darling, I have found you
at last!"

But she never rose to meet his em-
brace, but lay clasped in his arms, but
motionless with her eyes fixed va-
cantly upon the fire.

A cold chill seemed to strike Roland
to the heart, and he started in ques-
tioning the nurse, Mrs. Fairchild, who stood
sadly looking on.

"Won't you speak to Mr. Ayre, Kate's
darling?" she asked in a tone she might
have used to a wild child, "speak to
him, dearie, and tell him you will let
him take you back to your father and
to Grace."

The words made no impression upon
her, though Roland held her hand ten-
derly while her nurse was speaking.

If there was a change in her face it
was the name of Grace, but the frown
was so slight as scarcely to be percepti-
ble, and beyond this she might have
been a figure for all the need she
paid to the town and the country, the
poor above all others to move her to re-
spond to his devotion.

What is the matter with her? What
has caused this change? he asked fear-
fully, all his eager delight turned to
grief and dismay.

"Her head has been injured, my son
declares that she was thrown down the
secret vault, and she speaks," said the
nurse, "but come into the next room,
and Frank will give you his own re-
count about it. You shall see her again
if you desire it before you go, but she
is best left alone, I hope you will
understand me, for you are a doctor, and
you take no more notice of you than she
does of me."

Roland tried three times to win a
glance of her face, but he could not
be loved, but all in vain the body was
alive, the reasoning soul was dormant
or dead.

"I beg your pardon, a lady," said
a gentleman, lifting his hat politely to
a richly dressed woman on the street,
"but your face is strangely familiar to
me. I am sure that I have met you be-
fore."

"Yes, Mother Jones," replied
the richly dressed woman, "it's me! I
am Kate Ayre. Of my work—"
—*Graphic.*

HOME & GOSSIP.

QU'APPELLE.

—Quadrille party to-night.
—New buildings rushing up.
—There is a good opening for a tailor in this town.

—The pay car went west yesterday and gladdened the hearts of the C. P. R. boys.

—Rev. T. Lawson, of this place, officiated in the Regina Methodist church on Sunday.

—Mrs. A. J. Baker, and Mrs. Wright left here yesterday morning on a visit to Ontario.

—On Monday last a horse was raffled at the Leland House and won by Mr. Macdougall, of the McLean farm.

—A bull weighing 360 lbs arrived yesterday for St. Peters (Anglican) Church. It will be put up immediately.

—The weather here has continued mild up to the present, but the indications are that winter will set in within a few days.

—Messrs. Goldstone & Beauchamp, merchants, have dissolved partnership, the business being continued by Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Goldstone has gone east.

—All arrangements have been completed for holding the anniversary and Christmas tree entertainment in connection with the Methodist Sunday School.

—We had a call this week from Messrs. S. Cruthers, J. P., and H. N. Morphy, barrister, of Fort Qu'Appelle. They both subscribed for the PROGRESS, of course.

—Mrs. J. Moloney, Mrs. G. B. Crosby, and Miss Bell, daughter of Mr. L. Bell left on Monday morning on a visit to the Old Country. They took their tickets direct for Glasgow.

—A young man named Ernest Robinson was committed by G. S. Davidson Esq., on Saturday last to stand his trial at Regina for stealing a quantity of clothing from Paul Christian, of this place.

—There was a full congregation at the Methodist missionary service on Sunday evening, and the platform meeting on Tuesday evening passed off successfully, being addressed by Rev. Messrs. O. Darwin, of Fort Qu'Appelle, C. Williams, of Moosejaw, and T. Lawson, of this place.

—Some parties east to whom have been sent copies of the PROGRESS, and who are looking out for openings in the Northwest, not seeing the advertisement of either a druggist or a baker in our columns, have written here to enquire what are the prospects for engaging in business in those lines. We are in doubt as to what reply to give.

—The Curling Club met on Wednesday evening, and appointed the following officers: Major Short, President; S. H. Caswell, Vice-President; S. S. Nelson, Secretary-Treasurer; J. Doohittle, J. Moloney, G. S. Davidson, W. S. Redpath and S. B. Milliken, Standing Committee. It was resolved that no money be paid by the Treasurer except on the approval of the Standing Committee and order of the President.

—If the publishers of our pert confere down by Lake Superior never accidentally printed a few odd papers with some of the pages upside down, they deserve a leather medal all round, from the classical and handsome but confirmed bachelor who presides in the editorial chair down to the printer's devil. To relieve the Herald's distress of mind, we will assure it that the general public did not receive any of the kind of papers to which it refers.

—The English Church College and Farm is now in shape. There are already nine young men, (farm hands and students) who with the staff form quite a colony. Several young men in the Old Country are enquiring with the intention of coming out. It was intended to commence a Boy's School this fall, but the present building is almost full. It is therefore intended to build early in the spring, so that the School may be got into full working order as soon as possible.

—We understand that arrangements are being made for heating the Queens Hotel with hot air.

—All M. Masons in town and vicinity are requested to meet at the Queen's Hotel on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to organize.

—On Sunday last Rev. Mr. Tudor, of Medicine Hat, preached in St. Peter's (Anglican) Church, both morning and evening to large congregations.

—On account of a large amount of our space this week being taken up with Northwest Council proceedings, a quantity of matter is left over till next week.

—A few days ago Mr. F. L. Osler sold section 23, this township, to Mr. Young, a well-to-do farmer from Ontario, who is coming out next spring with his family to settle on it. He will bring with him a number of friends who intend to locate in this vicinity.

A Lecture on "Burns and Moore" will be delivered in the Methodist Church, Qu'Appelle, on Friday evening, 11th inst., by Nicholas Flood Davin, Esq., of the Regina Leader. As it is a well-known fact that Mr. Davin is the most eloquent lecturer in the Dominion of Canada, and as this subject is one of the most humorous of his many lectures, a good attendance is respectfully solicited. The Globe in 1881, criticising his lectures said: "In securing Mr. Davin's services, even for one night, the society conferred a benefit on the public, and it is to be hoped their efforts may foster a desire on the part of the public for pure literature. His lecture was a masterly effort, scholarly, graceful and eloquent. His remarks were clothed in the choicest language. He charmingly and truthfully sketched the lives of two great poets, and pointed out the influence of each in literature and society. Their faults and virtues were impartially delineated, and the lecturer's recitations of selections from their works were received with rounds of applause." Admission 50 cents.

WOLSELEY.

—Mr. James Connors is an M. P. P. of the Ontario Legislature. He has a farm north of Wolseley, consisting of several sections; and had this year in wheat 1,100 acres, 900 acres in oats, 100 in barley. He has raised 18,000 bushels of wheat; 17,000 bushels of oats; 2,000 bushels of barley. He has 51 horses, employs thirty men during harvest time; has thirty head of cattle and a large number of hogs. He employed from twenty-five to thirty men all summer at an average wage of \$25 to \$30.

FORT QU'APPELLE.

—The school will be opened here at the beginning of the new year.

—The new Anglican church will be dedicated here on the 13th inst.

—The bachelor's ball held here on Friday night last was a grand success. Quite a number of Qu'Appelletons attended.

—We have a communication from Mr. J. C. Richardson, in reference to proceedings of Magistrates' court here, which we are compelled to hold over till next week for want of time.

—We have received a letter from a correspondent signing himself "Judex," in which he refers to the Fort as a Modern Sodom, but as we do not think its publication would have a good result, we decline giving it place in our columns.

—A commission consisting of Messrs. H. H. Smith, W. Pearce and R. Goulet was sitting here last week enquiring into the claims of half-breeds and squatters in this vicinity. The Government is evidently determined to accord Justice to all.

—When Mr. Rufus Stephenson returned from his northern tour of inspection he reported much improvement this year over last, there being one hundred per cent more land ready for crop. He visited the new French half-breed settlement, and was much pleased with the condition in which he found matters there.

INDIAN HEAD.

—Arrangements are being made for the erection of English churches here and at Katopwa.

—The municipal election to take place soon is becoming the topic of discussion among the electors.

—The municipal council met here on Tuesday. We will endeavor to obtain the minutes for the next issue of the PROGRESS.

Correspondence.

(Our columns are open to all provided the subject matter is of public interest, and proper language is used, but in no case do we hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.)

To THE EDITOR.—

Sir: I desire to ask a small space in your paper in which to call attention to a letter appearing in the Regina Leader of 26th inst., signed "No High Churchman." As he refers to Troy, I think I may well use our local paper for the purpose of expressing an opinion on the subject of his letter. He wishes to know "How is it that the Editor of the Regina Leader does not proclaim on the house tops, that Bishop Anson is killing the Church of England in the Territories? Now, I think our friend, who appears to be a Churchman, must have a very poor opinion of the merits of the Church of England if he supposes she can be killed either in the Territories, or anywhere else by either Bishop Anson or any other Bishop. As a Churchman, I earnestly believe that the Church of England is destined to make as rapid progress in the future as in the last fifty years. The reason the Church is going to be killed in the territories, is "because of their (I suppose he means the clergy, but he does not say so) goings on in Troy and here (Moosemin), coming with their little bags full of little paraphernalia and even in a barn setting up their little portable devices." From the tone of the first portion of his letter, one would infer that he had some "big" grievances, but it is a consolation to find after all that they are "little" things. Now as to the so-called Ritualistic practices of the Clergy of the Anglican Church in this diocese, I must confess that I fail to understand the objections of any Christian to them. I can only understand it to proceed from a wrong impression as to the object of Church going. With the party (I hate the use of such a distinctive name) that I feel proud to be connected with, the object of church going is worship of a God who requires that in our service, our churches, we shall offer Him the very best that it is in our power to give. To aid in that worship, it surely is not a sin to make use of all that art can furnish us in order to place our churches on a higher level than that occupied by our own homes. Surely no Christian will deny that God is more particularly present when they meet together to offer up their thanksgivings, sing his praises and make their prayers before Him. Granted that then the object of Ritualism seems to me to lie in a nutshell, viz: endeavor to make the house of God worthy of the Creator of heaven and earth, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; to make the services and all that pertain thereto, as worthy as possible of the Lamb of God, seated in Glory upon His Throne in Heaven, surrounded by the Angels Archangels and all the company of Heaven who continually worship and praise Him.

I would like to go into the question of putting the Cross in the church, which seems to have upon some people about the same effect as a red rag has upon a mad bull. I will only say, however, that as Christians we look upon the Cross as an object worthy of a conspicuous place in a building in which we come together to worship Him, who upon the Cross suffered for our redemption; so that we may be reminded of the love of God who sent His only Son to suffer and die upon the Cross for us, that we (if we so willed) might not die but live with Him forever.

Much more I would like to say but I fear to trespass on your space and will therefore subscribe myself, Yours etc.

ANGELICAN.

THE MARKETS.

WHEAT.

(Reported by D. H. McMillan & Bro.)

No. 1, hard	90 65	\$
No. 2, hard	60	
No. 1, frosted	45	47
No. 2, frosted	35	42
No. 3, frosted	27	32

There was a drop yesterday in the East in the price of wheat. A difference will only be made in the price of frosted, as it is bought for shipment. Nos. 1 and 2 hard are wanted for manufacturing at the mill here.

We are authorized to say that any quantity of good wheat will find a market here.

FOUND

ON 21st November, near McLean Station, Two aged Yellow Cows. The owner can get them on paying cost of keep and advertising, by applying to

JOHN WILSON,
Sec. 22, T. 17, R. 15,
Dec. 1, 1885.

Qu'Appelle School.

APPLICATIONS will be received up to Monday, Dec. 21st, by the undersigned for the position of TEACHER of the Qu'Appelle School for the year 1886. Applications to state salary required and to be accompanied by certificates, recommendations, etc.

Also, Tenders will be received at same time for the supply of the wood required for the School for the year 1886. The wood must be dry, cut into stove lengths and piled on school ground.

By order, G. H. V. BULYEA,
Qu'Appelle, Dec. 3, 1885. Sec. T. D.

NOTICE.

ALL parties interested will take notice that I am required to return the Collector's Roll of the above Municipality by the 15th of this month. Parties who have not yet paid will do well to pay their taxes before that date and save expense.

N. FALLIS, Collector.
Qu'Appelle, Dec. 3, 1885.

STRAYED

FROM the vicinity of Qu'Appelle Station an entire red horse, white face, the whole four legs white, small white spot on one side, branded J. K. He was hobbled and picketed, and had on halter and rope when lost. Any person giving such information as will lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Enquire at Goldstone & Beauchamp Store, Qu'Appelle Station.

Russel & Davis,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BEEF, PORK.

MUTTON, SAUSAGE,

HAMS, BACON, ETC.

Beef Cattle & Hogs

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